

See Miffett

Mrs R B Ashley

CHARGE MADE BY
PASADENA
CALIFORNIA

KOREA ARTICLES

- Homer B. HULBERT - 5000
- Robert E. Speer - 1000
- Charles C. Long - 1000





W. E. NICHOLS
PASADENA
CALIFORNIA

KOREA AND THE KOREANS.

1886 ?

- Homer B. Holbert

THE little empire of Korea stands in the centre of the Russia-China-Japan triangle, and thus, by virtue of her position, merits more attention than the extent of her territory, the number of her people, or the volume of her commerce, would warrant.

It is said that, when a company of Tartar horsemen capture one of the enemy, they not infrequently draw him far into the wilderness, bury him to the neck in the ground, stamp the earth down firmly about him, place a bowl of food and a bowl of water immediately before his face, and then leave him to die of hunger or sunstroke or to be torn by wolves. Whether this accurately illustrates the position of the Empire of Korea to-day, it will be the object of this paper briefly to inquire.

First, the captive has been carried so far from his own familiar locality as to be effectually lost. Second, he is bound hand and foot, and is quite incapable of motion. Third, the necessities of life and the fruits of industry are placed, as if in mockery, before his face. And, finally, his captors have left him entirely to his own resources.

Since the twelfth century before Christ, Korea has been continuously under the domination of some one of her neighbors. From the time when the great sage, Kija, passed over with his five thousand followers into the Korean peninsula, upon the fall of the corrupt Shang dynasty in China (1122 B.C.), every Korean dynasty has acknowledged the suzerainty of its great patron, China. From the very first, Chinese law, literature, art, religion, dress, and almost everything else Chinese except the spoken language, were forced upon her. About the beginning of our era the written Chinese character came into common use in Korea through the influence of Chinese refugees. This in itself has constituted the strongest bond between Korea and China; for, through its agency, the whole drift of Korean thought has been turned China-ward, and her ideals have been cast in Chinese moulds.

Whatever may be said for or against the type of civilization engendered in China through the domination of these ideals, they surely have proved disastrous to Korea. It could not have been otherwise. Had the Koreans been possessed of the same mental characteristics that dis-

tinguished the Chinaman, and had their temperament received the same adjustment, then similar ideals would have worked out similar results; but, while the Chinaman is eminently phlegmatic and utilitarian in his thought and imagination, the Korean is possessed by nature of a far greater degree of ideality. He stands half-way between the phlegmatic Chinaman and the sanguine Japanese, just as humor stands half-way between stolidity and frivolity, avoiding with equal caution the pessimism of the one and the optimism of the other. Such the Korean is by nature—a golden mean. But what is he by training and education? The ponderous literature of China has lain upon him like an incubus; and he has had neither the dogged endurance to master it nor the courage to discard it. The result is a cowardly compromise whereby he strives to gloss over his actual illiteracy by a pretence of Chinese scholarship. That he is not an utterly willing slave to the written Chinese character is shown by the three great protests which Korea has made against it, in the fourth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, respectively; the first two being systems of diacritical marks to make intelligible the order of arrangement of the Chinese sentence, and the last, the invention of the Korean alphabet, which, for simplicity and range of phonetic power, has no superior. Yet these protests have been overruled; and the Chinese character is still master of the situation.

In the realm of religion the vassalage of Korea to Chinese ideals is still more marked. Confucianism, while apparently satisfactory to a man utterly devoid of imagination,—an instrument to be used in the necessary work of unifying masses of population, by anchoring them to the dead bones of their ancestors,—can be nothing less than contemptible to a man possessed of actual humor. What has preserved the uniform political solidarity of the Chinese Empire during the last three thousand years? Just two things; viz., the sacred ideograph and the ancestral grave. Confucianism is no religion. It is simply patriarchal law. That law, like all civil codes, received its birth and nutriment from the body politic of China by natural generation. But the Korean belongs to a different intellectual species; and thus the law, which was bone of China's bone and flesh of her flesh, was even less than a foster-child to Korea. Thus it is that, while Confucianism holds nominal sway in Korea, it neither satisfies her religious wants nor survives on the plea of political necessity. The utter lack of mysticism in the Confucian cult makes it to the Korean a religion only in the sense that it binds him to China, not to the Creator. In other words, Korea is in a state of religious servitude, wherein is no love, but only blind habit.

Buddhism, on the other hand, stands at the opposite pole to Confucianism. It is the most mystical of all cults outside the religion of the Nazarene. For this reason it is that Japan became such a stronghold of Buddhism. While Confucianism leaves nothing to the imagination, Buddhism leaves everything. The strong idealism of the Japanese surrendered to it; and we may well believe that, when Buddhism is finally driven to bay, it will not be at Lassa, the home of the Lamas, but at Nara or at Nikko. Here, again, the rationally emotional temperament of the Korean escaped permanent contamination. While Confucianism contained too little mysticism for him, Buddhism contained too much; and so, while nominally accepting both, he never made them a real part of himself. To be sure, Buddhism was once the fashion. It budded in the days of the ancient kingdom of Silla; and during the days of the Wang dynasty (A.D. 918-1392) it blossomed and came to fruition. But it was the Dead Sea's fruit of ashes. Over the wreck of the useless cult the present dynasty stepped into power; and since that time Buddhism has been merely tolerated in Korea. No Buddhist monk is entitled to the full privileges of citizenship; and the monasteries that still survive are literally the poor-houses of the land. It is true that the people not infrequently require the services of a monk; but it is in the same way that a North American Indian consults his medicine-man, or a Kaffir his fetich. In other words, when a Korean makes any genuine religious demonstration, he reverts to his aboriginal Shamanism, though it be thinly veiled behind a Buddhistic cowl.

Korea's surrender to Chinese ideals extends to the details of common life. Her laws of marriage and divorce, of heredity and primogeniture, of contracts and obligations, bear the impress of the Chinese seal. Even since the attainment of complete independence the assumption of imperial titles, and the erection of an imperial altar to Heaven, bear witness to the shackles which she wears beneath her silks.

Now this has resulted in the loss of all spontaneity and originality in Korean thinking. To imitate well has been so long the summit of her ambition that she has forgotten what may lie beyond this contracted horizon. The faculty for producing a constantly ascending series of ideals has lain so long dormant that the question might arise whether it is not dead.

In thus probing to the very bottom of Korea's condition, we find that, like the captive led far away from his own familiar place, Korea has been drawn far away from the goal to which her natural endowments and her peculiarities of temperament would have led her. And, like the

captive, she has also had the hard soil of uncongenial custom and incongruous law trampled down about her until she can stir neither hand nor foot.

It was not until the year 1894 that China's political suzerainty came to a definite end, and the reins of power passed over to Japan. The latter hastened to disavow any intention of claiming suzerain rights over Korea; but, in fact, she laid a heavier hand upon her than China had ever done. China had been content with a moral domination, which did not require the show of force. Japan, on the other hand, while upholding the actual independence of the country, gave advice in such mandatory terms, and followed it up with such show of force, that the Koreans, to whom appearances mean much, found it far more galling than the less ostentatious patronage of China. In reality Japan was then, as she is to-day, Korea's only genuine friend. She laid before her a scheme for good government,—a code of laws that protected both king and people in the enjoyment of their respective rights. She tried to impress upon the Koreans the value of equitable laws, and in so doing displayed before their eyes some of the highest fruits of independent enlightened government. But, like our buried captive, Korea was utterly unable to partake of the tempting viands. She was bound so firmly by immemorial custom as to be unable to put forth her hand and take them. She was invited to set to and eat her fill of these first fruits of Western civilization; but all she could do was to look with imploring eyes at those who mocked her.

The time came when, in her desperation, she turned to Russia. The great Northern Power took her in hand, and tried to show her how things should be done. She was shown the value of strict discipline in her army and of unimpeachable faithfulness in her officials: but, as we have seen, long centuries of intellectual apathy had killed all power of initiative; and, while she acknowledged the nutritive qualities of the food before her, she had the strength neither of mind nor of heart to grasp and use it. At this point Russia, for some reason known only in the council-chamber of the Czar, lifted her hand from Korea; and, for the first time in her long history, Korea became absolutely independent. China's suzerainty had expired with the signing of the Treaty of Shimonoeki; Japan's influence disappeared when Korea voluntarily threw herself into Russia's arms; and Russia's leadership ended when, in the spring of 1898, she washed her hands of Korean affairs. And so, like the captive in the midst of the wilderness, with the bowls of food and water immediately before his face, Korea was left alone. She was free.

There was no one to coerce her, either in this direction or in that. And yet her independence was the bitterest irony of all. Materially enfranchised, she remained a slave in soul,—a slave to Chinese ideals.

It will be pertinent to ask what the probable fate of our helpless captive may be. Apparently, one of three things must happen; viz., (1) one or all of his captors must return and feed him where he lies buried, or (2) he must be digged from his clay prison and set upon his feet, or (3) he must perish where he lies. Even so is it with the Empire of Korea. Either her neighbors, one or all, must reassume the physical mastery, or she must be liberated from the moral and intellectual thralldom which holds her in its grip, or she must suffer the dissolution of anarchy and be finally absorbed by the elements that surround her. Of these three possibilities the middle one is preferable. In the present day the first proposition is inadmissible. Korea is the Turkey of the Far East; and neither of the contiguous empires could dominate her without engendering dangerous jealousy and ultimate war. No two of them together could dominate her; for China, Russia, and Japan are like three original chemical elements for which science has found no amalgamating medium. The third proposition is equally inadmissible; for the civilization of the present day will not stand by and see some fifteen millions of people tear each other piecemeal in civil strife, where no principle is at stake, and action is prompted by selfishness alone.

We are then confined to the second proposition, namely, that Korea must be liberated from her moral and intellectual thralldom. She must be digged from the pit. But how shall this be done? What instrument shall be used in releasing her from the hard-beaten clay? None other than the instrument that was used in digging the pit for her—education. It was a form of education whereby she was brought to her present state; and by no other instrument can she be freed. It has been said that the hypnotist, in liberating his subject from a spell, makes in reverse order the same passes that brought him beneath the spell. In some such way the lessons must be untaught, the spell must be worked backward, until we reach and unearth that power of original and spontaneous growth which, in Korea, was nipped in the bud long centuries ago. The Chinese lesson, which teaches that it is meritorious for a man to squander his entire patrimony in the funeral obsequies of his father, must be untaught by showing—what every Korean in his heart of hearts knows—that the memory of the dead is more

highly honored by using his legacy in the advancement of truth than by using it to load his grave with funeral baked meats. The Chinese rule, that love of clan comes before love of country, must be negatived by showing that nepotism is political incest, and that it will breed the progeny of incest. The Chinese fallacy, that Confucianism can in any sense satisfy the religious instinct of man, must be exploded by showing that no religion is properly so called unless it can conduct the soul at least one step beyond the door of death, unless it can propose some solution of the Great Mystery.

But some one exclaims: "This will take time. Decades must pass before this can be accomplished. Japan should be taken as a model; and as she leaped forth into the light of civilization fully armed, like Minerva from the head of Jove, so must China and Korea do." To such I would answer: "Do you not know that feudalism is liberty *in embryo*, that feudalism is the precursor of enlightenment? Take a map of the world, and show me a single land that has been prevailingy feudalistic that is not enlightened to-day. There is not one. Show me a single land that has been prevailingy despotic that is not despotic to-day. You cannot find one. Japan, having passed through the chrysalis state of feudalism, burst from her husk in a single night; but shall we, therefore, complain if Korea, the inchoate, the egg, finds it impossible to dispense with the process of incubation? Neither China nor Korea has been prevailingy feudalistic; and, for this reason, neither can benefit by the lessons which feudalism always teaches. It must be a system of patient teaching, a *Kindergarten* where object-lessons follow each other in such careful sequence that not one step is missed."

Would you take our half-buried and exhausted captive by the neck, and drag him by force from his living grave? No more should you expect to drag Korea forth from her moral enslavement, until you have loosened the clay which surrounds and binds her.

HOMER BEZA HULBERT.

grin of delight. "Bob, you young rascal! Where have you been?"

I dropped my valise and sat down upon it.

"Jonas," I said sternly, "where do you live?"

"Why, right here, at No. 307," he said, cheerily. "Where have you been all this time? We went to the station to meet you, but were too late, and so we came back home, and have been waiting for you ever since, and awfully uneasy. Come right in, Bob. I was just starting out to make a round of the hotels and see if I could find you."

I had been feeling in my pocket for his letter, and now I spread it out before him under the light of the hall lamp.

"Jonas," I said severely, "what number is that?"

"He looked at it with interest.

"Why, that's No. 307," he said with conviction. "Can't you read writing?"

"Do you call that 307?" I demanded with spirit.

"Great Scott, Bob," he replied, "there it is, as plain as a pikestaff—3, 0, 7. Can anything be plainer than that?"

"And who lives at 367?" I asked, in despair.

"Oh, that's Frank Warburton; particular friend of mine; splendid fellow, too, and has a nice family. And, by the way, I was telling them about you this morning. They've read your stories and are anxious to meet you. But why?"

"Jonas," I said, bitterly, "I wish you'd go to school and learn how to write."

The next time I entered the Warburton house I went in by the front door, and Jonas and Effie were with me. I had returned Mr. Warburton's suit in an anonymous package, and had a vague hope that this was the end of it, and that perhaps the young lady

would not recognize me, as the light had been dim in the room. I had betrayed no secrets to Jonas; far from it.

The Warburtons were surprised when Fido retired under the piano and barked at me so viciously that he had to be removed forcibly to another room before we could exchange the ordinary civilities of a first meeting. Mrs. Warburton said she could not understand it, for Fido was generally so friendly. Even the lovely face of Miss Edith Warburton gave no sign of recognition. This was better than I expected. A warm glow went over me as I thought of it. Perhaps they would never know, after all.

But when I asked Miss Edith to sing, and followed her to the piano, my eyes fell upon a curious object hung up in a little nook at the end of the instrument. It was a half-burned red lamp shade!

She was looking at me, and her eyes were brimming with laughter.

"That is a relic," she said. "We keep it to remind us of a terrible man who invaded our house"——

She was turning over the music, and I was between her and the group at the other end of the room.

"And you told the terrible man," I retorted, "to ask for anything in the house he might want, if he hadn't already taken it. Well, there is something in the house the terrible man wants, and some of these days he is coming to ask for it."

"What can it be? How I hope it is Fido!" replied Miss Edith Warburton.

Frank and Jonas have behaved pretty well, all things considered, though when either of them breaks out into Homeric laughter when there is nothing to laugh at I know what he is thinking of. As for Miss Warburton, she knew as well then as she knows now that it was not Fido I was going to ask for.



The "Morning Calm" Country.

An Intimate Article by
Robert E. Speer upon
KOREA
The Country which Russia Covets
and which Japan must have.

A STERN and rock-bound coast, girded by ten thousand jagged islands, forbidding hills, brown and bare or faintly green with sparse, low grass, a few villages and towns, with men clad in loose, dirty white, sitting on their heels or bearing burdens on their backs, with half or wholly naked children lounging about with fat little bellies and filthy little bodies, and curiously white-clad, slow-

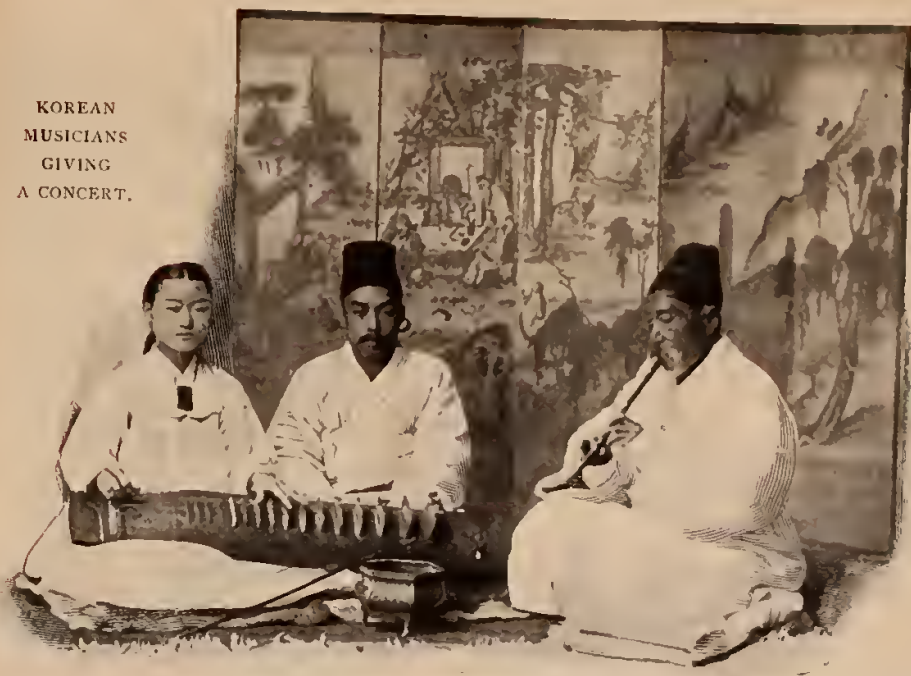


KOREAN BOY.

moving women with children slung on their hips—a strange land, where the traveler rubs his eyes to make sure that he has waked from sleep—this is what one sees looking on Korea from without, and he says, "I will go away. I will go to Japan, where the people are clean and busy; or to China, where they are busy if they are not clean." And, reasoning so, the traveler passes by and loses the delights of one of the most charming countries of Asia.

Back of these inhospitable hills are green valleys, with whispering rivers running in them, fed by clear brooks leaping down from woodlands; quaint old villages filled with their white-clad citizens, picturesque farmhouses on the hillsides looking down on fertile fields, fair roads winding by tablet and shrine, past crumbling fortress and through the ruined gateways of marvelous stone walls of defense running over mountain and valley, roads traveled by a friendly and industrious people, good natured, with a true sense of humor, but calm, slow-moving, at once impassive and marveling. Cho-sen, "The Land of the Morning Calm," they call their country. From the noise and tumult and conflict, the black woolen clothes and mechanical artificialities of our western life, one's

KOREAN
MUSICIANS
GIVING
A CONCERT.



heart turns to Korea with its still, quiet life, and the quaint, white-robed figures moving to and fro in it like the shades of the ancients.

And, indeed, Korea is but a bit of antiquity. Its history runs back to the twelfth century before Christ, when King David was ruling in Jerusalem and King Keja in northern Korea. After ten centuries of independence, Keja's descendants became vassals of China, and never since have Korea's destinies been wholly dis severed from those of her mighty neighbor until the China-Japan war cut the bonds once and forever. Khublai Khan made Korea the base of his fruitless attempts to conquer Japan, and then, when the Mongol Empire broke up, the Koreans came under vassalage to the Ming dynasty in China. When the present Manchu dynasty overthrew the Mings, in return for assistance rendered by the Koreans, it refrained from imposing upon Korea any of the changes forced on the Chinese. The queue and, indeed, the bound foot are not known in Korea. When, accordingly, the gates of Korca were opened

to the world a few years ago, what was found in the secluded land beyond was the Korea of the fourteenth century, preserved almost without change—dress and institution and mental notion embodying for our interest the form and spirit of an age which passed away fifteen generations ago.

My companion and I had no desire to look only on the outer walls of Chosen, and we took passage at Chemulpo on a Korean steamer, one of three, I believe, flying the Korcan flag, bound for the Ta-tong River in the north, in the province of Pyeng Yang. It was loaded with coal and listed badly. It had a Korean crew, a Japanese captain and a load of Korean passengers, who slept in a heap in a cabin over the screw and under the small national flag, which is a circular emblem consisting of two tadpoles, one green and one red, each swallowing the other's tail. We left the mud flats of Chemulpo in the evening and anchored outside for the night, and then put to sea in a fog which came before a storm. The captain nearly ran the ship on a rock, and



BRONZE
CANNON.
1522.

then, after some hours of tossing and amid the groans and misery of his seasick Korean passengers, came to anchor for two days behind an island, while the storm blew. We had eaten up all our food and drunk all our bottled water by the time the storm was over, and the captain had got his ship past miles of rocky coast and amid thousands of huge jelly fish up to the yellow river which drains northwestern Korea. The steamer could go only a few miles up the river, and we got out into a small boat with a sail. It was Sunday morning, so we tied up by a landing place where a path came down to the water from a village back from the bank. The Christian villages had flags flying over them, the mission converts having devised the plan of running up the national flag on their houses and churches on Sunday to mark the day and the dwellings as different from other days and from pagan dwellings. There was no flag in this village. The old hulks were beached on the bank near by. By the village path a score of men, with hats of all sorts and significance, were squatting, keeping eternal Sabbath.

As to the matter of dress, no other people compare with the Koreans. Hats, clothes and shoes, all are peculiar. There are scores of varieties of hats, but, distinctly enough, they are worn by the men. The women are contented with a cloth wrapped around the head. But the men's headgear is wonderful. The hair itself is carefully prepared. An unmarried man or a boy wears his in a jet-black plait, almost like an American Indian's, and many of these Korean profiles would pass for Indian faces. A married man has his hair put up in a



A PRINCE.

top-knot, sometimes in two top-knots. There is a form of address and speech for boys different from that for adults, and the juvenile forms are used to every man, however old, who has not attained the dignity of marriage and top-knot. Over this top-knot a horse-hair covering of various shapes is worn, and the hat over this. White is the mourning color, and white hats alone were in order during our stay in Korea on account of the death of the queen, who had been murdered at the instigation of the Japanese Minister on October 8, 1895. When a man was too poor to buy a new hat he pasted a small piece of white paper, two inches square, on the top of his

COSTUME OF GENERAL,
1522.

KOREA AND THE KOREANS.

old one. Shoes for bad weather are made of wood, with high cleats for soles, the whole shoe, with its turned-up sabot-like toe, being cut out of one piece of wood. Fashionable fair-weather shoes are of white cloth with slippers over them, and the humbler folk wear a sandal made of woven withes. The clothes of men and women alike are of thin, white stuff like mosquito netting or bolting cloth, made into very loose, baggy garments. With the men these garments consist of undershirts or jackets, trousers, wadded stockings and long, white outercoats. When clean, these white garments give a Korean company a pleasing, fresh appearance. The ordinary woman's dress is a pair of loose trousers and skirt, with a small jacket over the shoulders, which



A NOBLEMAN.

does not come down to the skirt and trousers, but leaves the breasts accessible between for the inevitable nursing child. In Seoul, better class women wear another garment, which they use as a head covering and cape. It is made in the form of a man's coat, with sleeves which are wholly useless in the garment as used by the women, but mark it as a badge of the marriage state—a relic of the days when a married woman going out would take up her husband's coat and throw it over her head. The traveler through Korea sees women and girls in abundance. There is little or no attempt on their part to hide, but young women between girlhood and motherhood are, for the most part, shyly concealed in the private apartments.

I was in northern Korea shortly after the China-Japan war. Some months had passed, but the memories of the struggle were very sharp in the minds of the people, and a Westerner was received with great respect. It was from him that the Japanese had learned all those terrible ways. The hills around the city of Pyeng Yang were crowned with the earthworks of the two armies, and the innumerable stone shrines along the road were spattered with the marks of bullets. Pyeng Yang had not recovered from the effects of the struggle. The city had lost a portion of its former population, and many buildings had fallen into ruins. But then Korea is full of ruins. The Pyeng Yang jail is typical of all.



COSTUME OF SOLDIER,
1522.



A CROSS COUNTRY WALL.

BRONZE
CANNON
1590.

The gate was wide open and the courtyard was full of prisoners, and the surrounding buildings were old and tottering. I asked the chief, whom one of the two or three listless attendants called for us, why the prisoners did not run away. "Oh," he replied, "they would be caught and beaten again and kept longer. Now they will get out soon." But as I looked at them I saw they did not run because they could not. The life was beaten out of them. The keepers brought the heavy red cord with a brass hook at the end and trussed up a man with it to show how the beating was done, and then brought us the stiff rods with which victims were pounded

over the shins and thighs until the beaten spots were simply masses of festering rotteness. There was a room, black, foul, leprous, in which the men were fastened in the stocks. The Black Hole of Calcutta was scarcely less merciful than this.

Picturesque stone walls run around the old Korean cities. The river Tatong runs fast by the southern wall of Pyeng Yang, and from the great pavilion over the South Gate one looks across the river and the miles of fertile and far-reaching plains beyond, while a hundred lounging men and boys look lazily on a stranger who is so wasteful of human energy as to climb about the walls and trot along so fast on a warm August day. The Koreans have reduced lounging to a fine art. The *yang ban*, or indolent Korean aristocrat, has developed a peculiar walk, which is the most lounging gait in the world. It is beyond description—

this sight of a white-clad *yang ban*, with a fan held up to keep off two or three rays of the sun, rocking along with a swaying motion that awakens keen solicitude lest the performer should lurch over beyond equilibrium. Indeed, sometimes attendants guard him from toppling.

In this old South Gate pavilion I found, one night a *moutang* woman at work. A *moutang* woman is a sorceress. The popular religion of Korea is practically simple sorcery. Confucianism is not a religion, and while it has shaped the minds of the higher classes in Korea, it has influenced but little the common people. As for Buddhism, its priests and temples have



A SHRINE IN THE HILLS.

Drawn by Frank Adams.

not been allowed in Seoul, the capital, for centuries, and, apart from a few monasteries in the hills, the people

ignore it. They are Shamanists. Spirits and the dead rule their life, and the people propitiate them by sacrifice and worship at wayside shrines and their ancestors' graves. Going across Korea one will find often a piece of rag tied to a tree or around a telegraph pole of "The Roral Korean Telegraph Co.," as its quaint English message blanks read, with a bowl of some offering beneath to the spirit of the tree or pole. Here and there is a bush laden with old shoes, a propitiation, I suppose, to the spirit of shoes. The ceremony in the old South Gate was held to release a spirit from hell. In the middle of the dense crowd filling the pavilion was a rectangular space. At each end stood a man with big folds of loose cloth in his arms. Beside each of them a woman stood. Around them ran the folds of the cloth, which also crossed the rectangle diagonally. On the folds were Chinese characters, and in the midst of them, in the open space, stood the sorceress, wearing a red shirt with red bands over her shoulders, and long, loose sleeves flopping in the air. With her was an old



KOREAN PORTER—"JICKEY MAN."

woman beating big cymbals together. Before them were the widow and son of the man whose spirit was by this ceremony to be released from hell. At one side a woman beat a drum resembling two hour-glasses, and behind her were three great tissue-paper figures suspended in the air and waving wildly. These represented spirits. The crowd shunned them awesomely. On the floor before the sorceress was a little table holding two peeled mel-

dead four years, that the devils had presumptive rights for three years, but that the deceased could now be got off, provided, of course, the *mou-tang* woman was satisfied with her remuneration. When the performance lasted three days, it would often cost \$100. The pieces of cloth would be burned, the natives said, to make a ladder for the spirit from hell to heaven. The surplus folds in the men's arms went to the sorceress.



TAKING IT EASY.

ons, one red, one yellow, some wine in a green bottle and three green apples, which it was pleasant to think would surely give the little devils cholera morbus. The widow, an ugly, searred-faced woman, poured out some wine and prostrated herself before the table several times. The son, a well-dressed fellow, did the same, while the sorceress, kneeling down, beat the cymbals to call the devils to the offering. A native told me that the man had been

The paper figures would be used by the spirit in accompanying the soul up the ladder. The excitement of the ceremony grew apace, and the old pavilion over the gate rocked and creaked as if joining in the diabolical incantation, and we slipped out into the night and the muddy, unlighted streets, hearing still through the dark the clang of the cymbals and the cry of the mistress of hell.

It was through this same gate, very



AN INLAND VALLEY.

still and prosaic in the morning mist, with its red posts and green roof hanging over the river, that we passed out to tramp down the country to Seoul. In the river a man was washing a donkey, with red head-trappings. Long boats like clumsy gondolas were moving up and down. The fields were rich with maize, cane, millet, buckwheat, tobacco, ginseng, potatoes, cotton, melons and castor oil bean. Lodges built on poles stood in the melon fields for those who watched the ripening crops. Here, in a pass, a stone and seven wooden boards



THE HOUSETOPS OF SEOUL.

marked the spot where seven Japanese scouts were killed. Good springs leaped up by the roadside. At night innumerable creeping things crawled over us, so that at subsequent stopping places we exacted the unreliable assurance that "no biting things" were ahead of us. The road ran over splendid hills, with partridges and golden pheasants abounding in the open land. Now the road ditched for the most part in the country and not too bad, ran through a village, and the village street is bottomless mud. Our Korean man fell into a deep pool and rose to protest to all the villagers as he waded through, that it was



ONE WAY OF IRONING.

shameful to have such a street. I followed him in English, assuring the people that he spoke the truth, and quite moderately, that such want of municipal pride was shameful, and they stared after us as we went, grinned and fell back into the poise and peace of their morning calm.

At night we lodged in the villages, but not in the houses thereof. A Korean house is made of mud walls and floor, and heavy projecting rice straw roof. It is built on the ground and would be very unhealthy but for the heating device. Under the floor a flue runs to and fro, and at one corner a fire is built, whose heat and smoke are conducted through the flue to the diagonally opposite corner, where a chimney runs up the side of the house. The flue is covered with flat stones and mud, and the whole floor is smoothed with oiled paper and covered with

matting. During every month of the year, at evening, the floors are warmed up for the night, and the people lie down, without undressing, to sleep on them. We could tell when we drew near a village in the evening by the low-lying bank of smoke. Now the floors often waxed warm and were no comfort to travelers already hot with long travel under an August sun. So we opened our cots and slept in the courtyards or in the village streets.

As one draws near Seoul, all the roads fill up with travelers. The most humorous are the jickymen or porters. There are tens of thousands of them. Each one has a wooden frame or easel for his back, and he bears an incredible burden. The jickyman is the freight car of Korea. But horses, tough creatures, whom the people compel to sleep on their legs to make them hardy, and splendid, docile bulls are met on all the roads. Besides these we walk on past officials, trotting along on little donkeys or squatting on their chairs like tailors, and looking out pedantically through great yellow or blue goggles.

At the inns along the road you order your meal as "a table of rice," a table for each man, unless you have your own food with you. It is brought on a low, pretty, four-legged table and set down on a floor before you. On it are rice, in a copper bowl, cucumber soup, an omelette, salt fish, shredded cabbage in salt water, salted shrimps, hard bean sauce made out of the pressed bean extract, of which great quantities are said to be shipped from China and Korea as the basis of Worcestershire sauce. But perhaps this is a fable. There are many such told in Asia. The Koreans are inveterate smokers of green tobacco, which they use in pipes with tiny bowls and



A NOBLEMAN.

stems two or three feet long. They stick their pipes down the back of the neck when not using them. There is a deal of drinking, too, though they have many proverbs against it: "Heaven and earth are too small for a drunken man," "White whiskey makes a red face," "There is no bottom to the appetite for drink."

One of the curses of Korea, as of Persia, is that the King eats up the country for the sake of the capital, and spends on palaces in one city what is sucked from the prosperity of the people of the whole land. As one comes past the old Chinese buildings in which the embassies from Peking to Seoul used to lodge, before entering the city, and suddenly steps out of the deep-cut rock through which the road from the north runs, and looks down upon the city, he sees royal palaces almost as extensive as the rest of the city, and the timid King, fearful of cabal or treachery, has now built himself another near the foreign ministers, and would build yet one more in the very midst of the legations. Scarcely anything could be more artistic, however, than the great piled buildings of his old palaces amid groves and lotus ponds, colored with Oriental brilliancy and set off by the red and yellow mountains which begirt the city and the soft brown tints of the rice-thatch roofs, cleft by the broad yellow lines of the city streets.

And, on the whole, the characteristics of the Korean people are very good. They have been oppressed by officials who bought the privilege of taxing the people, who knew that they would be soon superseded by some new purchaser, and made hay while the sun shone by squeezing out every possible dollar. They are an easy-going people, and they have their faults. We were discussing, one day, in the home of an American doctor living in Korea, the predominant traits



A KOREAN LADY OF POSITION.

of Korean character. My traveling companion at once said, "Stockings, trousers and hats." These are conspicuous in the eyes of a stranger. But the doctor said, seriously, "First, indirectness, procrastination in coming at things; second, the desire for sons to perform the duties of filial worship; third, taking things easy, troubles and all; fourth, the sense of the ridiculous, the humorous; fifth, cheerfulness." They are not a dull, stupid people, as the Japanese think. Indeed, their own history should teach the Japanese better. Much of their early civilization, the culture of silk worms, architecture, mathematics, medi-



GOVERNOR'S COSTUME.



A WAYSIDE INN.



A VILLAGE STREET.



WOMEN ON THE STREET IN SEOUL.



A SEOUL THOROUGHFARE.

cine, astronomy and much else beside the priceless secrets of ceramics, the Japanese borrowed from Korea. From the tombs of early Korean kings the most exquisite gray pottery is still taken. As a leading Korean said to me: "Our people are a good people. They are capable, and are more reliable and intellectually honest than the Japanese. The Japanese are bright, but they are not honest. If they don't want to see a fact they will go around and cover it over and persuade themselves that it is not a fact. Yes, our people are strong. Look at the thousands of Catholic martyrs, with whose



THE KING OF KOREA.

blood the Tai Won Kun reddened the Han River, but who said, as the bystanders cried to them just to say they did not believe, 'No; we believe; we cannot say otherwise.'"

With a fair government, a sense of security among the people and the slightest encouragement given them from without, one might expect not what would be expected of the adaptive Japanese or of the irresistible Chinaman, but a quiet, orderly people, childlike and simple, and pressing steadily forward toward far better times than those old Ming days of which they have so long dreamed.

THE MAN WHO FEARED.

A STORY OF CHAPULTEPEC.

By WILLIAM McLEOD RAINE.

FROM El Molino del Rey the batteries were pouring a scattering fire upon "Los Yanqueis" hidden in the thorny chapparal below, and Huger's twenty-four pounders flung back a grim defiance at them. Artillery and infantry kept flaming out in an irregular line of belching fire. The shrieking of the shrapnel, the spitting of the rifles and the raucous roar from the throats of the heavy guns made an indescribable pandemonium of noise. Occasionally the sharp, crisp order of an officer or the groan of a wounded man broke in on the hideous medley. More than once a dust-be-grimed soldier clambered to his feet

in a sudden pained bewilderment, only to pitch heavily forward on the ground.

Lieutenant Mace was sick of the long artillery duel, and wondered when the order would come to charge. Somehow the wait at the beginning of a battle always shook his nerve. He supposed it was the responsibility. Every few minutes he got up and walked along the line to joke with the men, making a target of himself for the Mexican sharpshooters above. Once a six-pounder went past on the gallop, a boyish mounted officer beating the near-wheeler with the flat of his sword and swearing vehemently. During a momentary lull there came to Mace



SOK-DANG-SA.

ART AND THE MONASTERY IN COREA.

BY CHARLES CHAILLÉ LONG.

THE peninsula of Corea is a pendant of that "farthest inch of Asia" stretching south from the elevated plains of Mantchooria in the north, from the 43d parallel to the 33d parallel south, and is contained within the 124th and the 130th meridians east, between the Sea of Japan and the Yellow sea on the west.

Corea or Chosen, the "Land of the Morning Calm"—the interpretation of its native name—has been called the "Hermit Nation" by reason of its policy of absolute seclusion from the world, although maintaining a nominal allegiance to China since many centuries, and over which country China has affected to rule in a fraternal way as the "Elder Brother." For a fact it was mainly due to China through her progressive statesman the Viceroy Li Hung Chang that Corea was induced to make a treaty with the United States Government in 1882 and subsequently with other European powers, which caused her principal ports to be opened to the world. The Korean Government has sent an embassy to Washington which has created no little curiosity on account of its peculiar costumes. China, however, has shown much dissatisfaction at the affected independence of the ambassador of her "Younger Brother," and finally the latter was summarily recalled

to Corea under a menace conveyed by the Imperial Resident in Seoul, and so His Excellency Pak packed up his unnumbered hats and vari-colored gowns and hied him back to Japan, where he was required to remain until recently, doing penance for his disrespect to the mother country before being allowed to return to Corea, where he now resides in disgrace and disfavor. An ambassador accredited to several European powers, not so lucky as his colleague, was not allowed to proceed further than Hong-Kong, where "His Excellency" has been hung up without money at the somewhat undiplomatic residence known as the "Sailors' Roost" in that city, waiting for something to turn up, and the needful "cash" which he owes to his indulgent landlord since the winter of 1887 and 1888.

So much for the status quo of Corea, which has place in this sketch only for the purpose of conveying to the reader a rapid glance at a country of which it is the writer's purpose to speak principally from an artistic point of view. Art in Corea is an illusion. It is an exotic, and born in the bosom of the monastery it came to Corea with Buddhism in its march from India through China. It is the child of the monastery, it grew with the monastery, and fell when temple and tower went down

in the fourteenth century. Confucianism reasserting its sway in China, flowed over and into Corea, and became, as it is today, a strange admixture of worship of the ancestor, of the spirits of earth and air, serpents, etc., and above all the dragon, which may be said to be the all-powerful and most potent element in the Corean mind. Nor will the reader be surprised at this lapse of the ethics of Confucianism, for it must be remembered that Corea proper was composed of savage clans incapable of comprehending or absorbing any refined cult whatever, whether of religion or of art. Sir Rutherford Alcock in his volume entitled *Art and Art Industries in Japan* says: "Over the breadth of Asia among the Mogul, Tartar and Turcoman races the feeling for art in any form seems to have been absolutely wanting." It goes without saying that Sir Rutherford does not place the Japanese within the realm of these races.

I.

At the commencement of the Christian era Corea was divided into three separate kingdoms: Hiaksai and Shinrai in the south and Korai in the north. The aborigines, as we have said, were rude savage



THE EAST GATE OF THE EASTERN WALL, SEOUL.

peoples, which had been swept down from time to time from the Mantcheorian plateau and, bound together in barbaric bands, were engaged in almost perpetual strife. Such indeed was the condition of the three kingdoms when in the fourth century Hiaksai became the objective point of the propagandists of Maitreya Bodhisattra, which from India had borne the banners of Buddha across the Indus and into China, according to the eastern annals 350 years before Christ. From Kapolavastu, the "City of Beautiful Virtue," and birthplace of Sakya-Muni, there was a continuous stream of devotees of the new faith which overspread China and threatened to absorb and replace the ethics of Confucius, which dominated the Chinese mind. In extending to Japan it took root in Corea, where we are told "as early as 372 A.D. an apostle of northern Buddhism had penetrated into Liao Tung and perhaps across the Yalu. In 384 A.D. the missionary Maranaada, a Thibetan, established temples and monasteries in which women as well as men were admitted as students, and thus the faith of India was established and flourished in Hiaksai, so that its influence was felt as far as Japan."

Shinrai, on the other hand, appears to have been settled by Chinese apostles of the new faith in the sixth century, and there, later on, its capital, Kiou Chiu, became a "brilliant centre of art and science, of architecture and of literary and religious light."

Buddhism reached its supreme power and glory from 905 to 1392 A.D. The great Mogul emperor, Kublai Khan, became an ardent disciple, and the historian of the Yuen dynasty in referring to the Khan says: "Kublai Khan in becoming sovereign of a country wild and extensive and a people untractable and quarrelsome desired to give his native (?) wilderness a civilized aspect, and soften down the natural roughness of his subjects—to form cities on the Chinese model, to appoint mandarins

of various ranks and put the people under the guidance of a public instructor."

The religion of Sakya-Muni, however, was too pure and chaste in character, when no longer actively sustained by its Indian doctors, to take a deep hold upon the gross and sensual nature of the Korean. The fountain source had already ceased to flow, checked by Confucianism, which had resumed its sway in China.

The end of the thirteenth century marked the apogee of the power of Buddhism in Corea. Song-to, the capital in the north and the ancient kingdoms of Hiak-sai and Shinrai, were still in appearance filled with the culture and refinement of an Indian civilization, but the fabric was rotten to the core. The priesthood had become licentious and the Chinese annals, the only record of the times, state that the monastery, once the foyer of art and science, had become the abode of vice and licentiousness. The monk had ensconced himself as a confessor in every family, and the system had led to such abuse of confidence that even against this privileged and heretofore sacred class the people were loud in murmurs and threats of revolt. The scenes enacted in the monasteries finally aroused public attention, and the indignation excited resulted in a general massacre which, commencing in Song-to, spread over the entire country. The royal palace, where hundreds of monks fled for refuge, was attacked and burnt, and Buddhism, which, under its original masters, had been the very soul of art and virtue, fell forever, because of its vice and corruption under a native régime. Thus, adds the historian, "Kaoli lost its kingdom through the confidence it had showed to the monks!" and when the second King of Chosen assumed power he issued a decree to the effect that "As Kaoli had treated monks as friends, Chosen, the future state, should



INTERIOR VIEW OF MONASTERY GATE, SOK-OANG-SA.

treat them as slaves;" and adding, "No monks shall in future be allowed to enter the gates of the capital under penalty of death."

For a fact, during an interval of 500 years up to the present time no priest is permitted to enter the gates of the capital. And only a short time ago this class, of whom there are a few in the fortified mountain districts, petitioned the king to be permitted to enter the city, alleging that though children of Chosen they were debarred from privileges accorded to priests of the people of the western ocean—referring to the Methodist and Presbyterian missionaries resident in Seoul.

II.

The present king of Chosen, His Majesty Li, is the twenty-eighth sovereign of the dynasty founded by Ni-Tadjo in 1392. It was Tadjo who had made himself king because of his soldierly qualities and who removed the capital from Song-to to its present site at Seoul.

Ni-Tadjo, as will be seen later on, was the creation of a Buddhist inspiration, the last effort of Buddhism to resurrect and maintain itself in Corea. The Buddhist king conceived the idea of saving his coreligionnaires by gathering up the remnants of those who had been saved from the general massacre which had preceded

his accession to the throne, and sending them as soldier priests to guard those monasteries which, built in almost inaccessible mountain places, he decreed to be the special refuge fortresses of the nation. Chief among these are Pok-Hau and Nam-Han in the vicinity of Seoul. These bonze soldiers number 600 or more and are even at the present day regularly enrolled and are known as Seung-Kun, and are under the orders of a general known as Chong-Sip with superior officers named Ti-Jip-sa. They are treated in all respects as soldiers of the army except as to their uniform and the privilege of shaving their heads. The hat differs from the regular soldier's in that the crown is round instead of being square. All alike receive as pay the conventional pay of rice. The bonze soldier, as has already been mentioned, is forbidden under penalty of death to enter the capital city. For a fact these Seung-Kun are priests only in name. Shut out from the world and all intercourse with the fountain source of their religion, they have lost their cunning in the arts, the sciences and their faith. They are a fat, greasy, good-natured but ignorant class, in which Buddhism exists only in the ill-remembered rites with which they delight, like so many children, to perform for the amusement of the visitor, from whom they are careful to exact a toll ostensibly for the repair of their monastery. I had visited, during my sojourn in Seoul, the mountain fortresses of Pok-Hau and Nam-Hau, and it still remained for me to visit the celebrated monastery of Sok-Oang-Sa—the King's Dream Monastery—about which there had been woven, since 500 years, a web of romance, and which, built by King Ni-Tadjo himself, is regarded with great veneration, and is maintained entirely by the government at Seoul. The legend of Sok-Oang-Sa is indeed the commencement of actual Korean history, and therefore merits mention; it runs as follows: Ni-Tadjo, or rather Song-Kié, for such then was his name, was an officer of the Korean army. One night Song-Kié dreamed that he heard the cocks of 10,000 houses crow at once, and the clothes sticks (with which all Korean women beat and prepare linen) of 1000 houses resounded.



SMALL PAVILION, SOK-OANG-SA.

Unable to interpret the dream he applied to a hermit priest, who quickly informed him that it signified that he was to become King of Chosen!

Mou-Hak, the pious hermit who lived on the heights of Sol-Poug, not far from the coast on the Japan sea and near Guensau, exacted that for the fulfilment of the prophecy Song-Kié should build at Sol-Poug a monastery to be called Sok-Oang-Sa, or the King's Dream, and that during three years the future king should perform 500 sacrifices to Buddha. Song-Kié was only too happy to conform to these conditions, and as it was foretold him by Mou-Hak, Song-Kié at the expiration of three years was made king of Ta-Chosen.

Sok-Oang-Sa still exists in all of its original splendor. The monks there have acquired a special reputation for piety and learning, and by reason of government protection are accorded many advantages. Some of them in the time past travelled into Mantchooria, Mongolia, Thibet and the eighteen provinces of China, and it is said some went so far as Siam, Burmah and Tonquin. The fame of Sok-Oang-Sa extended far and wide and in the eastern annals there is this mention: "Noblemen and high officials often stopped many months at Sok-Oang-Sa, simply to listen to the long and strange stories told by the monks of the different countries, and at times these monks taught their brothers

the higher branches of classics and philosophy."

In the month of October 1888, when returning from an expedition of discovery to the island of Quelpaert, I reached the port of Guensau direct from Vladivostock in northeast Siberia, and accompanied by my servant with two pack ponies I set out to return overland to Seoul, with the object of taking in on my first day's journey the monastery of Sok-Oang-Sa, twenty-seven miles distant and somewhat removed from the direct route to the capital. Mr. Wo, the affable and obliging Chinese consul at Guensau, was a graduate of Harvard college, and kindly furnished me with a special letter of recommendation to Mr. Suit-Ho—Snowy River—the high priest of the monastery.

III.

The monastery of Sok-Oang-Sa is situated in the province of An-Pien and within the gorge formed by the surrounding mountains of Sol-Poug, southwest of Guensau and distant twenty-seven miles from that port on the Japan sea. The location is one of peculiar and striking beauty. The road which leads thereto winds along the base of the towering summits of Sol-Poug until it reaches a gorge into which it turns abruptly and then passes through the graceful groves of pine and sweet-scented fir trees, among which, brawling and tumbling down over rock and ledge, a swift and noisy mountain stream forms innumerable cascades, flashing in the sunlight and reflecting all the colors of the ehromatic spectrum as it escapes into the valley without, where it goes to do its work in the irrigation of the paddy fields which constitute the chief cultivation of the Corean peasant.

It was almost sunset on the 29th of October 1888 when, tired and worn out by the exceeding rough road over which we had passed, we crossed the picturesque bridge which spans the stream and passed the outer gate, flanked on each side by two huge wooden figures of diabolic shape and expression and bearing inscriptions said to have been written by King Tadjoo himself.

A numerous throng of bonzes and attendants, already warned of our approach, came forward to meet me and extend the welcome and hospitality which they are ever ready to offer to the traveller. The presentation of Mr. Wo's letter to Mr. Snowy River secured for me additional cordiality and attention. A room in the great monastery was quickly assigned me and, having made my ablutions, I proceeded with the aid of my Corean servant to prepare my repast from the ample store of conserves which I had purchased at Vladivostock. During this time I was surrounded by the ever-curious bonzes and neophytes, who were lost in amazement to see a gentleman prepare his own



ENTRANCE TO TEMPLE.

food, and who laughed immoderately to observe the manner in which it had been placed in tin cans or bottles, and who scrambled for the empty tins like so many children.

It is no inconsiderable part of the fatigue

of journeying in Corea to suffer patiently, as I had learned to do, the persistent curiosity of a people who looked, perhaps for the first time, upon a white face, and to whom every article of his apparel becomes a subject of curious inquiry and endless



GATE ON ROAD TO PEKIN.

criticism. Having endured this ordeal a reasonable time, I made them understand in broken Korean that I was weary and fatigued, and having pushed them out I threw myself on my blankets and was soon wrapped in profound slumber.

In the morning I arose early and, to the wonderment of the bonzes, I proceeded to unfold my camera and sallying forth secured, not without some difficulty, the accompanying photographs. Simple people, these hermits had never heard of the stories which had been circulated by the jealous at Seoul, that photography was a black art, and that the images made were the product of babies' eyes, which were ground up and used in the composition of the chemicals. My work was, happily for me, uninterrupted, except by the difficulty of making them remain still even for a moment. When I had obtained the pictures desired I closed my camera and prepared to resume my journey.

It is scarcely necessary to add that no such thing as porcelain ware or other works of art which once existed in the monastery were to be found, and to all of my demands for such articles they invariably shook their heads, accompanied by the usual hopeless negative common to the Korean, i. e., Upso—have none. And yet I had hoped that if a vestige of Korean art existed it might still be found in this, the most favored temple in all the country.

Having subscribed my name in the donation book which is always presented to

the visitor on leaving, with a liberal fee, which is paid in the copper cash carried by my servant, I bade my hospitable hosts adieu and, followed by them to the outer gate, I set out upon my journey to the capital, 200 miles distant. Mr. Snowy River, true to his promise, sent me several weeks later the following unpublished stories relating to the monastery of Sok-Oang-Sa.

IV.

The papers sent me by Suit-Ho are considered as sacred by the Coreans, and the fact that all allusion to the king of Corea is carefully avoided in the text, names of great men

being written upon a red bit of paper and attached to the original, gives them a particular value. The first paper begins with a recital of the names of the several edifices composing the great monastery of Sok-Oang-Sa, ten in number, with four smaller temples, and six reserved for women. Numerous pavilions and gardens belonging to Sok-Oang-Sa are also given.

The following is a copy of an inscription written by H. M. King Tadjo (then Song-Kié): "I Song-Kié, grand commander in chief of the armies of the North and East and prince of Guensau (with Kang-so, general in chief and president of the privy council, Hong-Ching, general and prince of Tang-Song You, Au, colonel and secretary of the privy council, Chung-Mong-Chou, ancient vice-president of privy council), I have received from the king of Kaoli during the current summer of the 10th year of the reign of Hong-Mou (Chinese emperor of the dynasty of Ming), an order to go to Chong-Iu. I learned in that place that in the bonzerie called Koang-Chok, of the district of Hai-Yang, there was a classic work relating to Buddhism, also images and Buddha. At the end of the war the bonzerie which had been destroyed contained no longer any bonzes, and the precious objects which were there were disappearing one by one. When moved with compassion I have sent the ancient captain Kien Nam You with a boat to take these objects and, having caused them to be repaired, to place them

in the bonzerie situated upon the summit of Sol-Pong, district of An-Pien, that the king may have great longevity and the country perpetual tranquillity."

The following is a detailed account of the monastery by the venerable bonze So-San :

"During the 10th year Kaptija of the reign of the king of Kaoli (called Sin-ou) and of the reign of Hong-Mou, emperor of China, and dynasty of the Mings. Song-Kié moved from Kom-me to Hak-Song, where he built a house for his own use. He was endowed with a most liberal character and his manners were so different from the vulgar that he was surnamed the Great Man. One night in a dream Song-Kié beard the cocks of 10,000 houses crow and the sticks of 1000 houses resound. He said also that he entered a bouse in ruins bearing upon his back three logs, flowers fell from the trees, and a mirror broke in pieces. When he awoke he endeavored to explain his dream, but unable to do so he went to an old woman who lived near by, who, replying to his questions said :

"I who am but an old woman how shall I read the future? To the westward forty li from this place there is a mountain called Sol-Pong in which there is a cave and there you will find an extraordinary bonze who lives a hermit and who has abandoned the world. He keeps his name secret and nourishes himself with pine burrs and clothes himself with grass. He is called Heuk-ton-ja-Buddha with a black head (Mou-Hak) because his face is black. Nine years has he thus lived. You must go to him for the explanation of your dream.' Song-Kié dressed himself and taking a stick in hand set out for the cave in question. He found the bonze, who remained seated, and he saluted him by saying: 'I am a poor man who desires to be enlightened concerning a fact which has happened to me. I pray you to enlighten me.' 'What is it?' said the bonze looking up.

"Song-Kié told him of his dream, on hearing which the hermit changed color and said: 'It signifies that you are to

become king. It is a dream outside of the ordinary. The cocks crowed in choir to praise and felicitate your future greatness. The sticks and stones of the 1000 houses resounded at the same time in order to announce to you that soon you were to become a king. The three logs which you bore upon your back signified the character of king. The flowers in falling gave place to fruits, and the mirror broken with fracas means that you will make a noise in the world. In a word, it all signifies that you are to be king.' Having spoken thus, the bonze examined Song-Kié attentively and said: 'It is plain to be seen from your visage that you will be king. Above all things keep silent about the matter. Build a monastery here and call it Sok-Oang-Sa. During



A RIVER GOD.

three years offer 500 sacrifices to Buddha, in order to ask his assistance, and then the holy Buddha will aid you. But if you do not follow my instructions, not only will you fail but great evil will surely follow. Beware, therefore, and take heed of what I have said.'

"Song-Kié stepped backward, to show his respect for the hermit, whom he considered from that moment as his master. He promised to obey and prayed the hermit to aid him. Conforming to his counsel, Song-Kié built the monastery, and during the year performed the prescribed 500 sacrifices, the reason for which was the marvel of his neighbors."

In the 14th year of the reign of the king of Kaoli, named Sin-ou (Year of Hong-Mou), the king appointed Song-Kié general, with orders to attack Lia-Tong. Song-

Kié arrived at Ai-Chu, on the Yalu river, with his soldiers, in the commencement of the 4th month. In the 5th month he crossed the Yalu river (Apnok-Hang) and landed on the island of Ouei-houa-tao, where he concluded that China was so vast a country that it was better not to attempt to throw off the yoke, and thereupon Song-Kié marched back again to Kaoli.*

On the 16th day of the 7th month Song-Kié ascended the throne in the palace of Sou-Chang, the fortress of Song-to. Become king Song-Kié assumed the name of Tadjo, and invited Mon-Hak, the bonze who lived in the cave at Sol-Poug, to come to him and appointed him his professor. It was this bonze who chose the site upon which the present capital, Seoul, is built, and also chose the ground in which to bury the ancestors of the new-made king. One day in the springtime Tadjo and the professor were seated facing each other in the palace of Sou-Chang, when the king said to Mou-Hak, laughing the while, "Let us, O Master, make a wager; the one of us who will compare the other to the most stupid thing shall win."

Mou-Hak replied: "I pray your majesty to begin."

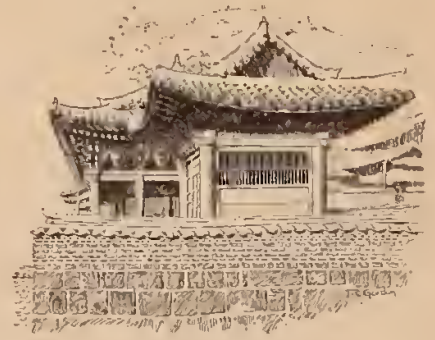
The king then said: "I see you as like unto a pig."

Mou-Hak: "I see you as like unto Buddha."

*The account discreetly passes over the fact, mentioned in Chinese history, that General Song-Kié assassinated his king as the best way to assure the fulfilment of the prophecy in his favor.

The king: "Why do you not say something stupid?"

Mou-Hak: "If one, O Master, sees a thing with the eyes of Buddha, that thing resembles a Buddha; if one sees a thing with the eyes of a pig, that thing resembles a pig. Since you see me, O Master, with the eyes of a pig, it is because you



THE KING'S TABLET, SOK-OANG-SA.

are a pig. I have therefore won the wager."

The bonzes of Sok-Oang-Sa still make claim to much learning and erudition, but the truth is that this is a mere affectation, for cut off entirely from the intellectual source which gave them life their past glory has passed into a myth.

Art has taken deep root in the mind and genius of Japan, due to the maternal influence of the monastery. Art in Corea died with the monastery and left the Corean as in the beginning of the Indian overflow, a mere rude and semi-savage man.

REITERATION.

BY CHARLES WASHINGTON COLEMAN.

To speak my heart to thee there is no word
That I can think of but "I love thee, dear!"
And that thou knowest, like a song oft heard,
Being so well known, there's no need to hear;
And yet I can but say, "I love thee!"

Ah, 'tis the heart's own music, songs that oft
On lips we love have trembled low and clear;
So unto thee I will but whisper soft
What thou dost know so well, "I love thee, dear!"
And o'er and o'er again, "I love thee!"

